

Spring Training

She closed the book, placed it on the table, and finally decided to go through the door.

Her feet dragged as she started down the steps. She had bought shoes appropriate for the occasion. They felt awkward, cumbersome, heavy. *She* felt heavy (which, she supposed, was the whole problem).

She'd read that it was not healthy to do anything with resentment. Well, screw that. She resented that she wasn't on her couch, under her comforter, with a book. Or at her favorite cafe with her laptop and a caramel mocha. She resented --see over there? -- *that* particular kind of woman with the tiny ponytail, Lycra covering every well-defined muscle, *bouncing* along the pavement.

But mostly, she resented her boyfriend's damn self-discipline; every day, no matter how much wine they'd shared the night before, there he went, down the flights of dark stairs from their second floor walkup, to return sweaty and spent and --dammit--cheerful. Was that a self-satisfied smirk on his face as he passed her supine form with telltale donut crumbs atop the quilt? Or her guilt?

She adjusted her face; applied a 'here I am, out exercising again in my usual routine way' look, and began to furtively glance around her as she started a slow jog. "Stop being furtive!" she told herself. The book she had just finished said success was 90% attitude. 'How to Change Old Habits and Win a New Life!' recommended repeating her new mantra while keeping a serene and confident air.

Speaking of air, she wasn't getting much. Panting was probably not part of a serene attitude, she guessed. She deepened her breath. "I am a strong and active woman," she intoned. Yes, indeed. I AM a strong and active woman. I can do this. Head up, along with her confidence, she strode strongly into health until suddenly, without warning, she was assaulted. Which is really the only way to describe the heavenly aroma spilling from the open door of the donut shop as it collided with her good intentions.

Her shoes supported her, all cushiony and new, as she stood in line breathing deeply and sporting a serene and confident air.